

Ok /x/, it's 0730 and I'm still up for some reason. So I decided I'd go ahead and share what creepy stories I have since I've already noped myself out of sleeping anytime soon with the creepypasta threads. So here goes:

>Be me around 10years ago (12-13 at the time)  
>lived in a swampy region in a town called Citra in FL  
>Decent sized piece of land, around 5 acres or so  
>Had a big field around a quarter mile from our backdoor, clothes lines and shit (since poor no dryer)  
>One night around 10 p.m I think  
>Have 2 younger brothers (at the time, 9 and 10)  
>For some reason Mom comes out of bedroom and calls me  
>"Anon, I need you and your brother to take the clothes out to the line."  
>I argued of course due to the fact it was pitch black outside and the lines weren't near the house.  
>Mother insists, So we comply  
>Myself and my youngest brother (9) head down the steps out the backdoor  
>I was carrying the clothes basket full of wet clothes (Heavy as fuck) Lil bro had a shitty flash light

I think it's somewhat important to mention a little bit more about our property and try and give you a better idea of what we were dealing with. Basically for around a quarter mile out the back of our house were thick woods. Now, when I say thick woods, you could not see the sky/stars/moon at all until you got out to the field. And another note, our dad used to tell us we lived on an old indian burial ground to fuck with us (Maybe it was true, We did find alot of flint and arrowheads on our property) So here we are in the pitch black under the trees heading out to the field.

>So on our way out to field, Flash light starts dying (Of course)  
>Start cursing at little brother to fix the flashlight because I can't see shit  
>Ofc it wasn't his fault but I was still steamed that I was even having to do this in the middle of the night  
>He hit it a few times and it became a little brighter and stopped

flickering

>continuing out to the lines

>Arrive out there and start hanging up clothes while he holds the light

Another thing relative to the story worth mentioning is that I cannot whistle to save my life. I have never been able to, and I still cannot to this day. However, My little brother was pretty good at whistling So what happened next didn't really phase me at first.

>Start hearing whistling

>Tune is somber and I remember that I felt uneasy hearing it  
(Can't recall how it sounds today, but It was stuck in my head for a while after this)

>I tell my lil bro to cut out the whistling that it's giving me the creeps

>he shines the flashlight into my face and I was like wtf

>He then shines the flash light onto his face, and he looks legitimately scared.

>It didn't register immediately, But I realized that he was not whistling, and that it was getting louder and drawing closer.

>I turned to look out into the field, and with the dim glow of the flashlight I saw the silhouette of a man around 20-30 yards away

>I had heard some rustling in the grass, but hadn't thought much of it

>we had tall grass in the field and there were almost always rabbits running around out there

>the rustling seemed to be getting faster, and drawing closer...  
Footsteps.

>At this point I just looked at my brother and said "Run."

>I took off towards the house

>For some reason dumass brother picks up clothes basket and trys to run with it

>He was right behind me until we hit the wooded area of the property

>He couldn't see the ground and he tripped on a stump

>Yelled for me to wait for him

>nopenopenope kept running

>I guess he caught up to me because he was right behind me  
when I finally hit the back door  
>Slam door shut and lock it, Mom is standing there with "wtf" look  
on her face  
>Tell her story, and she dismisses it, tells us we can worry about  
the clothes in the morning

We told our Dad and to make us feel better he got his shot gun  
and brought our dog out there to the field with us (Had a pitbull at  
the time, Was a good dog) to investigate. Walked around the area  
a little bit and checked it out, didn't find anything, so he said it  
was probably our neighbor whistling, Only our neighbors porch is  
like 1/2 mile from where we were. My brother remembers it as  
vividly as I do, and to this day neither of us know what or who the  
fuck was in our field, but we both agree it was a pretty creepy  
situation